

# LION COFFEE

A LUXURY WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL!

MAKE no mistake!  
See that my head  
is on every package of

LION COFFEE

you buy. It guarantees  
its purity. No coffee is  
LION COFFEE

unless it is in a 1 pound  
sealed packet with the  
head of a lion on the  
front. Then you get  
pure coffee—the highest  
grade for the money.



Watch our next advertisement.

Why has

LION COFFEE

now become the leader  
of all package coffees?  
And why is it used in  
millions of homes?

Because it does not  
sail under false colors.  
It is an absolutely clean,  
pure coffee. No glazing,  
no coating with egg  
mixtures or chemicals  
in order to hide imper-  
fections.

Just try a package of  
LION COFFEE  
and you will under-  
stand the reason of its  
popularity.

In every package of LION COFFEE you will find a fully illustrated and descriptive list. No housekeeper, in fact, no woman, man, boy or girl will fail to find in the list some article which will contribute to their happiness, comfort and convenience, and which they may have by simply cutting out a certain number of Lion Heads from the wrappers of our one pound sealed packages (which is the only form in which this excellent coffee is sold).

WOOLSON SPICE CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

## THE TWO FATHERS

The mother was a widow, an industrious woman, who worked late and early in order to support her child, a little girl between 4 and 5 years old, pretty as a fairy, full of fun, affectionate and coaxing as any happy child could be.

On the opposite side of the landing of the fifth floor on which Mme. Etienne and her daughter Lillie lived was the door of the apartments inhabited by two brothers, cabinet makers by trade and bachelors either by choice or by chance, no one knew.

One of those days when the intense heat necessitates the door being left open in order to get a current of air, the prettiness of Lillie attracted the attention of the two brothers, who were already past their first youth and adored children in their quality of approaching old bachelorhood. From that a sort of intimacy sprang up between the widow and her neighbors. Little reciprocal services passed between them. They sometimes made a party of pleasure on the Sunday. So well did they get on indeed that one day the eldest of the two brothers said to the other:

"That child would want a father badly."

"That is my opinion also."

"Would you have any objection to my asking the mother to marry me?"

"Why should I? In fact, I was thinking of doing the same myself. But since you have spoken first follow the notion up, but on the condition that you will let me see Lillie as often as I like. I love that child as much as if she were my own."

"Forsooth! You will live with us."

The question agreed upon, the two brothers, dressed in their best, went to call on Mme. Etienne, whom, however, they found confined to bed. The evening before she had run in order to take some work back to the shop in time; on returning she had caught a chill, passed a feverish night and was not able to rise in the morning. She begged her neighbors to go for a doctor. It was no time to speak of marriage.

Inflammation of the lungs carried away the poor woman in ten days. Thanks to the two brothers, she had not to go to the hospital, and until the last she was able to see her little Lillie, whom she earnestly recommended to them. They swore never to abandon the child.

The funeral over they took charge of the little one, kissing her. They said to one another at the same time: "If you wish, we will never get married now."

They went to live at Vincennes so that Lillie might have plenty of good air and take walks in the wood. They were very proud of their adopted daughter. When people stopped to look at them and asked in a casual way which was her father, they replied, "Both of us."

Lillie seemed to like one as well as the other and called them Uncle John and Uncle James.

When she grew a little older they put her to school—to a young ladies' school be it understood—taking her there every morning and calling for her in the evening. So Lillie grew up between these two affections without ever feeling the want of father or mother.

She cost the brothers a great deal of money, did the little one, but bah, they went no longer to the cafe and worked a little more than formerly. These supplementary hours were devoted to the pleasure and toilet of mademoiselle.

When she was 15 years of age, she was the first to suggest that she should stay at home for the future, at which, of course, the brothers were enchanted. What a charming little housekeeper they had then and what joyful tenderness she greeted their return every evening! To say the spoiled child never abused their goodness would be saying too much, but at least she seized every available opportunity of pleasing them.

Two years passed over so quickly for all of them that on the day the two men brought a cake and bouquet to celebrate Lillie's birthday they exclaimed:

"Seventeen years old! Is it possible?"

But, yes, it was possible. And James and John thought so much about it that it made them anxious and unhappy.

It was the younger who said one evening to the other:

"Do you know that Lillie is getting more beautiful every day?"

"Eh! Yes, I know it well. And others know it too. There must be a good many admirers prowling around here after her."

"And it is certain one of them will take her away from us before very long."

"Poor little thing!"

"Yes, if she were to get a bad husband!"

"Oh, I should kill any man who would treat her badly!"

"There is only one way of escaping that."

"Ah!" said the elder brother, without making any addition to the exclamation.

"And then," continued the other, "think how sad it would be for us to part from Lillie—never again to see her trotting about the house, never to hear her merry voice singing after we return from work of an evening."

"I have been thinking of all that for a long time, my dear John."

"It must be put an end to."

"And your plan?"

"It is very simple if it pleases you. I shall marry her before she gets fond of any one else."

"Zounds!"

The elder brother stood up, almost threatening.

"I also have thought of that plan. I was often going to speak about it, but always held back."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to marry Lillie myself."

The two brothers looked at one another far from amiably. Then the younger said:

"This is the same as with the mother formerly. Do you remember, James? I gave her up to you. It is your turn now to give Lillie up to me. You are three years older than I."

"Which nevertheless does not make you very young."

A song was heard ascending from below stairs. Lillie was coming back from her daily shopping.

"Listen," said John rapidly. "The child who has made our happiness up to this must not be a cause of disunion between us. Let her choose which one she likes best."

"All right," said the other. "That is quite fair."

Lillie entered, took the two men by the neck, kissed them, and drawing a chair between them, said:

"I wish to speak to you seriously."

The face of the young girl looked quite joyous.

"I wish to get married."

"John and I were just speaking about it."

"But you have not found me a husband."

"As a matter of fact we have. You love us very much, say?"

"Like father and mother at once."

"That is why we wish to propose to you to choose between us."

"Why choose?"

"Which of us you will marry."

The young girl burst into a fit of laughter so joyous, so prolonged, that the two brothers remained quite dumfounded. Then, brushing the tears from her eyelashes:

"No nonsense, my uncles. I said I wanted to speak to you seriously. You mustn't joke. I have a sweetheart."

Neither replied.

"Now, you must not be angry. I am so fond of him, and he is coming to-morrow to see you."

"Like that! All at once! And us, Lillie!"

"You will always be my two fathers."

—Translated From the French For Detroit News.

Athena and the Goat.

Your genuine Athenian believes the goat to be the proper milk producing animal, and he regards the cow in this connection about as we Americans do the mare. The milkman takes his animals with him, jangling their bells and sneezing. "Gala!" he shouts, a quick, startling cry, with a "g" whose guttural quality is unattainable by adult learners and usually unperceived by them. When a customer comes to the door, he strikes the desired quantity in

to the proffered receptacle before her vigilant eyes, selecting one of the goats and paying no attention to the others, who understand the business as well as he does. Patiently they stand about, chewing the cud or resting on contiguous doorsteps. When their master moves on, they arise and follow, more faithful than dogs.

The obvious and well nigh overpowering temptation to which the milkman is subjected affects him in Greece as in America. In Greece it is taken for granted that he cannot resist, and he is therefore obliged to take his animals with him. But even thus he is not above suspicion, for they tell of a rubber water bag carried inside the coat and provided with a tube reaching to the palm of the hand. Each time the milkman closes his hand over the udder he presses the bag between his arm and his body.—Scribner's.

### A SINGLE STITCH.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove his shuttle to and fro. To add out, beneath, above. Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow As if the fairies had helped him— One small stitch which could scarce be seen, But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out.

And a weak place grew in the fabric stout, And the perfect pattern was marred for aye By the one small stitch that had dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan, How futile it seems as the years roll, Do what it may or strive how it can To alter the sweep of the infinite wheel! A single stitch in an endless web, A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb, But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed, And each life that fails of its true intent Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

—Susan Coolidge.

## GENTLEMEN CONVICTS

By M. QUAD.

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It was a queer chapter of accidents that overtook the bark Nonesuch on the South American coast in the year 1870. We were bound from Philadelphia to Pernambuco, being a well found craft and a willing crew, and we lost a man overboard before we had been out 24 hours. Off the Bahamas the second mate and two men pulled away in the dingy to inspect some wreckage which seemed to prove the loss of a steamer, and as they were returning a small whale rose under the boat and smashed her to match wood, and then two sailors were drowned. This left us three men short, and we put in at the Windward Islands to replace them. After much trouble we got two men, but as we were leaving port the captain was bitten on the cheek and the first mate on the hand by a flying insect somewhat resembling the so called "darning



THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE AT THE WHEEL.

needles" to be found in the United States. Within an hour they were suffering as much as if they had been stung by an asp.

The captain's wife was aboard, and of course she did all in her power, but it was three or four days before the men could move about again, and then only the mate could return to duty.

The captain had what seemed to be a carbuncle appear under his right eye, and for ten days he suffered so acutely that at times he was out of his senses. We should have run into Demerara had not begun to improve, but it would have been better had we done so anyhow. The two fellows we picked up at the Windward Islands proved to be

orthless sailors and bad men, and they worked the bark an evil turn. One night as we lay becalmed, with the captain and mate still suffering from the poisonous bites, they overpowered and bound the second mate, provisioned and lowered a boat and induced four of the original crew to embark with them. We afterward came to know that they had been talking a great deal about a treasure buried on the Dutch Guiana coast, from which we were distant about 75 miles. We were thus left with only three able hands aboard, and the captain's wife had to take her trick at the wheel while we headed for Cayenne to get relief. We had crawled along to within 30 miles off the French penal port when the wind headed us, and we could do no better than drift off to the eastward and wait for a change.

After about 30 hours of drifting the wind changed in our favor, and one morning at sunrise we were making shift to get on our course again when we espied a raft with 12 men on it close at hand. With the naked eye one could make out that they were clothed in convict garb, and of course the deduction was that they had escaped from the coast. There were two rude sails on the raft, and the clumsy structure had had a fair breeze behind her for a day and a half. As the raft was not easily managed, we could have evaded it by putting up our helm. We were for doing this at once, all but the captain's wife. She knew they were convicts and desperate men and that once aboard of us we should be at their mercy, but she nevertheless insisted that we should pick them up. They were 50 miles off the coast, with the signs of a storm coming on, and she declared that it would be a cruel act to leave them to perish. I was of a mind to lock her up in her stateroom and dodge the raft, but the other two men were against me, and ten minutes later the sails came alongside and the convicts were climbing aboard. I expected nothing less than an immediate attack from them, for 12 tougher looking men I never set eyes on; but, to my surprise, they halted at the rail while their leader advanced, doffed his cap, with a scrape of his foot, and in passable English inquired for the captain. He was told of the captain's illness and of our being short handed, and he bowed and scraped again and said to the woman:

"Madam, have no fears. You probably know that we are escaped convicts from Cayenne, but no man will offer harm to any one aboard. We may be robbers and murderers, but we are also gentlemen in a way. There is bad weather coming on. We have arrived at an opportune moment. Most of us are sailors, and all of us are at your orders."

When I looked into their vicious faces, I could not help but suspect that they had a game to play and were only delaying it, but it was policy to take them at their word. As soon as the captain and mate heard of the arrival of the gang they became almost panic stricken and advised this and that, and the wife was the only one who had the least confidence in the promises made. It was well that she had and that her advice to trust them was followed by all of us. We could not have kept them from coming aboard with our feeble crew, and to have shown our distrust afterward would have angered them. They took hold with us at once after being given food, and before night we had cause to rejoice that they were with us. We got dirty weather, which lasted three days, and but for their aid the Nonesuch would have become a helpless wreck or gone to the bottom. We had to run off to the east during this spell, and it was only when the weather cleared that the leader of the convicts had a conference with the captain and his wife and asked that his gang be set ashore in Brazilian territory. This was promised him, and I must say that I never worked with a more cheerful and willing crew aboard of any craft. Seven of the 12 had been convicted of murder, and all were desperate men, but they were as obedient as children and as good natured as you please. They were careful of their language, respectful in their demeanor, and not once did I hear one of them grumble or complain. We ran into the Amazon and up that river for 40 miles to set them ashore. In his gratitude to them the captain gave them salicloth for two tents, a musket, a lot of clothes from the slop chest and all the provisions we could spare. With cooking utensils, fishhooks and a few carpenter's tools they were fairly well rigged out for a life on the banks of the stream for half a year to come, and at parting there were as much handshakings and as many farewells as if a band of old friends was breaking up. Their escape from the colony was a desperate one and the authorities made an exhaustive search; but, so far as I have been able to learn, not one of the dozen has ever been retaken.

### Not Above His Business.

Young Brodhead, scion of a wealthy family, cherished journalistic ambitions and, like a sensible youth, had resolved to begin at the beginning.

He had applied for and obtained a position as a reporter on a daily paper at a moderate salary, where he was treated precisely like any other reporter, shirking no assignment that came in his way and putting on no airs on account of his wealth or social standing.

He had not thought it worth while, however, to acquaint the family servants with the nature of his daily occupations, and when a fellow reporter came to the house one day with a message from the city editor the stunky in attendance at the front door took him around the house and brought him up to the young man's room by a back stairway.

"Why didn't you show Mr. Craig up by way of the front hall?" demanded young Brodhead.

"He's only a reporter," whispered the butler.

Imagine the dignified stunky's horror when his master responded in an audible voice:

"I'm only a reporter myself, you donkey!"—Youth's Companion.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the

Signature of J. C. Watson

## FOR SALE!

Coal Lands,  
Timber Lands,  
Farms and  
City Property

BY

T. W. SPINDLE  
AND COMPANY,  
Roanoke, Va.

### FARMS

5 adjoining farms on N. & W. Ry., 20 miles east of Roanoke, level and smooth with fine improvements, good orchards. This land is fine for grain and especially adapted to fruit growing and belong to an estate that must be settled up. Can be sold on long time, 10 years if desired, at from \$8.00 to \$16.00 per acre, in any size tract desired.

70 acre farm, 3 miles from Bedford City, good improvements, fine water and fruit, a bargain at \$800.00 on easy payments.

275 acre blue grass farm, 70 acres river bottom, 75 acres timber, balance in blue grass; fruit of all kinds; good improvements; on N. & W. railroad, a great bargain at \$4.00. Long payments.

Blue grass farm of 215 acres; good improvement, water and fruit, adding a thriving young city on N. & W. railroad; \$15 per acre.

70 acre fruit farm, 1,400 bearing trees, five miles from Roanoke, brick dwelling, \$2,850.

Bargain in pippin apple farm; 140 acres rich land all adapted to pippin apples. Four-room house and barn; 12 miles from Roanoke with 900 ten-year-old full bearing pippin apple trees, \$1900.

150 acres truck farm in sight of city, land in high state of cultivation, fair improvements, \$45 per acre. Water forced into a 15,000 gallon tank, supplying the house and barn lot with pipes and for irrigating truck gardens.

140 acres, first class land, half bottom; 1800 full bearing fruit trees good improvements; convenient to city, \$85 per acre; including 65 acres of wheat with grass. Nothing better can be had.

45 acres good land, near city; fine orchard; fair improvements; two fine horses, wagon and harness, cow and hogs; all crops and farming implements \$2,000.

9-room house with bath, large lot, stable and fruit, in southwest Roanoke, near railroad, \$1,875. Very easy payments.

An ideal farm of 410 acres, in a high state of cultivation, with beautiful 15 room brick residence, on nice elevation in a grove of large forest oaks, with every necessary outbuilding, very large orchard, near the city. This is one of the most desirable farms in the Valley of Virginia, \$50.00 per acre.

Blue grass farm of 400 acres; 100 acres of creek bottom, well watered and fenced, upland most in the grass now. Very cheap at \$7.50.

A beautiful farm of 170 acres on Roanoke river, 100 acres of bottom land; upland all good. 10 room residence, nicely painted and papered, fine spring water and plenty of timber; near the city. Price \$7,000 in very easy payments.

40 acres of good smooth land, some fine bottom, plenty of wood, good water and fruit, 3 room cottage, \$900.

New River farm of 900, over one half finest river bottom land, the balance all table land or 2nd bottom. Handsome 16 room brick residence—almond farm residence—a very fine orchard, 1000 bushels of apples were sold from this farm last year. Convenient to market and is a very respect a first class farm. Nothing better on market. Price \$30 per acre, can be divided if desired.

### CITY PROPERTY.

4-room cottage, nice corner lot, with shade, \$600. \$10 cash and \$10 per month.

Large residence on Jefferson street, good boarding house or investment; at \$3,250.

Nice 8-room residence in Southwest Roanoke, at \$2,000. Terms, \$100 cash and \$20 per month.

7-room cottage, large corner lot, newly painted and papered, at \$1000. \$100 cash and \$10 per month. Renting \$10 per month.

Lovely 10-room brick residence, in best part of Roanoke City. 2 acres of ground, beautiful shade, quantity of finest fruit. 3-room cottage in rear, with stable, carriage house, etc. for \$7,500. Easy payments.

Business property—Splendid 3 story brick building, 3 store rooms on first floor, 16 rooms second and third floors, renting for \$50 a month; \$3,500. This is a genuine bargain.

Good store house with full stock of goods, two small houses, 9 acres of splendid land at village near Roanoke, Va. For sale at a bargain. Death of one partner necessitates the sale.

214 acres beautiful land on street car line; new six-room dwelling, fine water; young fruit; is a bargain at \$1500.

8-room residence, convenient for a railroad man, \$1,250; \$50 cash and \$12 per month. Renting for \$10.75 per month.

New brick business house, \$1,600; now renting for \$15 per month.

8 room residence, near the Shops, \$950; \$110 cash and \$10 per month. Now renting for ten dollars per month.

Lovely 10-room residence in Southwest, large corner lot; \$200 cash.

25000 acres of fine coal land, carrying the Pocahontas veins; 8 miles from N. & W. R. R. at \$7.00 per acre. A great investment.

### HOTEL PROPERTY.

Fine hotel property, No. 1 solid brick building of 62 rooms. Heated by steam, lighted by electricity, every room nicely furnished, large, well furnished dining room. House in good repair and everything in fine condition. Beautiful location, the only hotel in a lively town of 4,000 people on N. & W. R. R., renting for \$1,200. Price \$10,000. \$3,000 cash and \$1,000 per year, including furniture. This is a rare opportunity for a hotel man. Original cost of this property \$33,000, besides the cost of furniture. Has fine custom, and possession can be given at once.

### COAL AND TIMBER LAND.

25,000 acres No. 1 timber land, on river, 25 miles above railroad, 350,000,000 feet timber—hemlock, balsam, pine, poplar, maple, cherry and oak. In Tennessee, \$2 per acre. This is a fine bargain east of the Mississippi river. Speak quick if you want this.

8,000 acres timber and coal land in West Virginia, on N. & W. railroad. Big investment at \$5 per acre. A beautiful valley of very fine timber land, original growth, 18,000 acres at \$5 per acre. Nothing can be better than this.

1845.

1901.

THE

# Clinch Valley News

As a Local Paper is very Popular with its patrons and is read by a larger number of people now than for many years. We want the news from every post-office in the county and from every county in the District and will pay for same.

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Yours truly,

CLINCH VALLEY NEWS

TAZEWELL, VA.